

# Good Morning

\$93

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Pictures and Pastries at No. 70, Sto. Derek Dracup

YOUR mother certainly can cook, Stoker Derek Dracup, as we found when we called at "Darlington," 70 Claygate Lane, Hinchley Wood, Esher, Surrey.

She must have thought we were hinting at tea when we called in the late afternoon, and maybe she was right. Anyway, we only ate your mother's cake and jam tarts for you, just so that we could let you know that she has not lost her skill at putting together tasty pastries.

The iced cake was really delicious, but we are still wondering how she manages to make a cake like that in war-time.

It seems, Derek, that we called about a week too soon, for your mother was expecting sister Connie home for Christmas. Connie is getting a big girl now, and has grown since she was evacuated to your aunt at Darlington.

As you will see from the photograph we took, your mother is getting younger every day, and you will no doubt have recognised that imp of mischief on her lap as your own Jill. Jill has, of course, matured since you were last on leave, but she has only just recovered from the meal you gave her then.

We might have included your cat, Sandy, in the group, but on second thoughts decided it might be better to leave him out for fear he attracted Jill's attention. Incidentally, Sandy looks far better without a balloon tied to his tail.

Your mother told us you were fond of a day's fishing at Hampton Court, and we can't say we blame you. It is a nice spot, isn't it?

The home is still looking much the same, even without the windows, and we were very interested in the photograph of you in your sailor's suit. We also greatly admired the picture of Joan; you don't meet a girl like her every day.

Mother hears from her quite regularly, but she hasn't seen anything of your pal Keith for some time.

## GIRLS IN BOATS

FORTY girls, working under a London-based plan to man the boats carrying war supplies on Britain's canals, have been so successful that the Ministry of War Transport wants every girl it can get for crews.

So now girls living in Manchester and the North Midlands can volunteer. When enough are trained they will be based at Tamworth, near Birmingham.

Until now the only scheme in operation has been based on London, and only girls from the South have been eligible. The girls based on London travel first to the Midlands with vital war supplies for factories, and then collect coal from the Warwickshire fields for factories near London.

Each trip covers about 300 miles, takes three weeks, and results in 100 tons of cargo being moved.

Three girls man each boat. The great quality wanted is—character. Of every ten volunteers, only one usually succeeds in being selected, and sticking at the job.

# RODE TORPEDO INTO ENEMY HARBOUR

ON the starlit night of June 21 this year, Malcolm Richards and ex-lorry driver's mate Harry Smith, aged 19, rode a human torpedo into Spezia Harbour, North-West Italy.

And as they went they cocked a watchful eye at the great shore battery guns. They brought their torpedo alongside the German-controlled cruiser "Bolzano"—and sank the 10,000 tons of it.

Causar has been awarded the D.S.O., and Smith receives the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal.

Causar, who is a 23-year-old naval sub-lieutenant, is now a prisoner of war in Germany. His home is in Priory-terrace, Leamington Spa, but he was born at Rio de Janeiro, where his widowed mother lives.

Smith, whose home is in

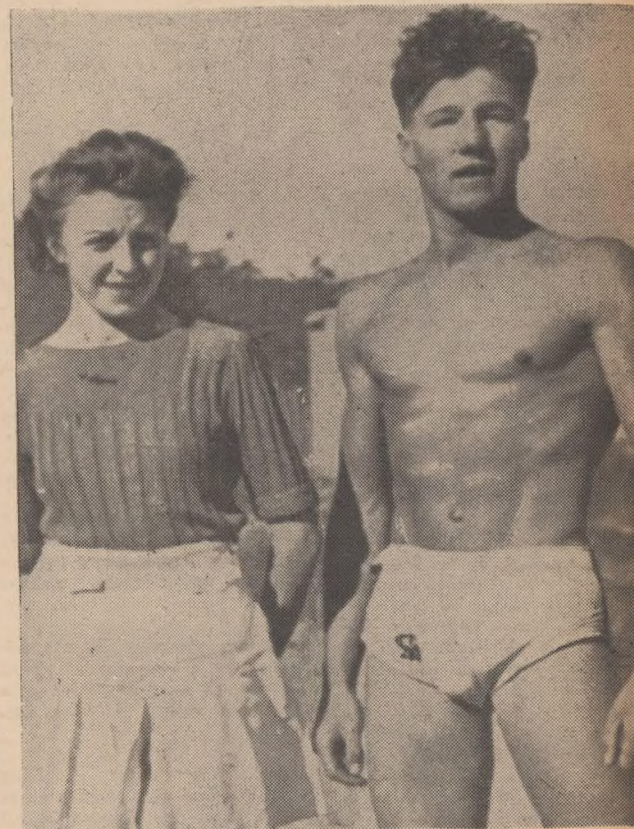
which Italy entered the war, and Causar and Smith had to dive underneath it after penetrating the enemy defences in perfect visibility.

Leaving their parent ship, which stood just off the harbour, the two men had the war-head of their torpedo ready for fixing immediately they arrived alongside the cruiser.

For one terrible moment the men thought they had been detected as tracer bursts swept the harbour area, but the fire soon stopped, and no search-lights came on... the crew of the parent ship gave a sigh of relief.

THE two men did the job well. Within a few hours of the great explosion which

A.B. Harry Smith, who was awarded the C.G.M. for riding his "human torpedo" into Spezia Harbour and sinking the 10,000-ton cruiser "Bolzano," snapped in holiday mood with Miss Jessie Holt.



## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

Chapel - road, Hollinwood, Oldham, Lancs, was posted as missing recently.

The "Bolzano" was the last of the 8in.-gun cruisers with

rent the "Bolzano," a reconnaissance over Spezia showed that the cruiser, with its eight 8in. and twelve 3.9in. guns, was lying capsized.

Sub-Lieut. Causar was a clerk in Brazil, and came to England to join the Navy soon after war broke out, was mentioned in dispatches as an ordinary seaman in 1943, and was commissioned last year.

Mr. William Causar, his uncle, said: "Malcolm, powerfully built and a strong swimmer, has already escaped from one prison camp."

"He and his two brothers make their home here when they are on leave. Malcolm is not engaged."

At Able Seaman Smith's home his mother told me that Harry, who is one of a family of eight, is engaged to 28-year-old Jessie Holt, of Ninth Avenue, Lymeside Estate, Oldham.

The "London Gazette" reads thus:

"The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following appointment and to approve the following award:—

"For great gallantry as the crew of a 'human torpedo' which on the night of the 21st June, 1944, penetrated the heavily defended harbour

of Spezia and sank the Italian cruiser 'Bolzano':—

D.S.O.  
"Temp. Sub-Lieut. Malcolm Richard Causar, R.N.V.R."

C.G.M.  
"Able Seaman Harry Smith, D/JX368318."

"Good Morning" congratulations go to them both for a job well done.

Do I remember Fred Sharp? Pal, that Stoker P.O. and his shipmates gave me some memories I will never lose. Pass on my best regards to him, please, and tell him I'm looking forward to another run ashore. Thanks for your good wishes, Henry. Same to you.

GLAD you get some fun out of "Good Morning," P.O. Leslie Banks. Nothing unique in your patronage of the strips—they seem to hit the jackpot in every boat.

Once again, don't apologise for asking us to get pictures from home. We have a staff all ready to go. We have written to Bishopsford Road, Morden, and when we hear when the folk will be at home someone will go along.

SHOO-SHOO, baby—ya poppa's off to the Seven Seas... Heard the Andrews Sisters sing that for the forard mess of His Majesty's Submarine "Rorqual" the other day, and have hummed it ever since.

You did listeners a favour that evening, gents, by livening-up the programme. For my part, I was extremely grateful, as I was enjoying a recuperative evening at home following a night out with the "Ultr" crew.

Ron Richards

## ALEX CRACK

Browne was loaded up with parcels when his friend met him.

"Been doing a bit of shopping?" queried the friend.

"Yes. I've bought my wife two new hats, two boxes of chocolate, and a string of pearls."

"Good heavens, man! What an awful quarrel you must have had!"

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## "These are not Dead-end Kids"

BEFORE the war a familiar sight with the people of London, and other world capitals, were the District Messengers. In their smart blue uniforms, pillbox hats, and always shining boots, they stood for speed and efficiency.

Started in 1898, and controlled by Theatre Tickets and Messengers Limited, under the managing directorship of Lord Gifford, now a lieutenant-commander in the Royal Navy, these messengers built up a reputation for great speed and reliability.

Since they were formed, over 25,000 boys have worn their blue uniforms—and many, because of their ability, have impressed clients so much that good jobs have been given to them.

At the moment, with the manpower shortage so acute, their numbers have dropped. Instead of the usual four hundred boys in "action," the company can now only call upon three hundred. It is believed that the high wages paid in war factories has probably resulted in many lads who might have turned to this form of work accepting something more lucrative.

Before the war the boys received fourteen shillings a

Over 25,000 boys—and what boys!—have worn the blue uniform, Pillbox hat and shining boots of the District Messengers. and here is something about the jobs they do told by HOWARD JOHNS

week, plus uniform and boots. To-day this has been increased to twenty-five shillings a week, plus boots and uniform.

At the moment the company could do with about fifty boys, preferably those straight from school.

Will youngsters, when peace returns, want to take on such a job? To many who do not know the facts, to be a District Messenger appears a "dead-end" job. This is not true, and many of the men who hold important positions in Lord Gifford's organisation started out in life as Messengers.

In the course of their work these boys often come into contact with people of high position. Many times these people have been impressed

with the smartness and efficiency of certain lads, and, when the opportunity presented itself, gave the youths an opportunity in life.

I remember one youngster, a fair-haired boy who did everything at "double-quick speed," who used to have the job of taking the pet dog of an elderly Kensington lady for a walk every morning.

The boy hated the thought of doing this. I rather fancy the owner of the dog knew this, but he performed his task so thoroughly, and never once complained, that the old lady, when she made her will, left £1,000 to the youngster.

What did he do with the money? His father, as this was the boy's wish, sent him to a school where he could study to be an accountant!

When last I heard, that boy had a very important post.

The honesty and reliability of the District Messengers has not become known in Britain alone. In every European capital, where they have been sent on missions of trust, they have become known to the authorities.

Some people prefer, when they can get a District Messenger, to send valuables to a friend or business associate by way of them instead of through the post.

One of the most interesting trips ever made by a District Messenger was from Britain to the United States.

He was handed a parcel containing jewels worth a great deal of money. The lad travelled first-class on train and ship. Never once did he let the parcel that had been entrusted to him out of sight. And when he handed the valuable package to the New Yorker the Messenger received a handsome present.

On land, sea, and in the air, District Messengers have shown to the world that speed, efficiency and honesty for which Britain is justly proud. Everyone will be delighted to again see them back on the streets in their blue uniforms and pillboxes.



## HOW LIGHT—HOW LONG?

### Photo Queries Answered

by DEREK RICHARDS

IN taking a photograph you are combining the work of an artist and scientist. This week we will assume that your artistic capabilities are beyond reproach and that a fine picture is waiting to be taken.

The camera is ready but still, by a little misjudgment or carelessness, it is possible to ruin the photograph. The scientist fails and wastes the efforts of the artist.

**You may find your negative has too little detail in the shadows, or that the result is a very dense negative showing little contrast. The trouble is incorrect exposure, and to this we may accredit a large percentage of amateur picture faults.**

Before discussing the means of determining the proper exposure for any particular subject, we must decide on the factors that affect the negative. There are five important factors to remember.

Firstly, consider the light incident on the subject, that is to say the light which illuminates the subject; it may be sunlight or artificial, and in either case its intensity may vary.

Cases of under-exposure are often found to have been taken when the sun is low in the sky—near sunrise or sunset—so always remember that on these occasions the eye, which adjusts itself to various lighting conditions, is most misleading in judging the colour intensity of the light as it affects the film.

Artificial light will be of known source intensity, but its distance from the object will greatly affect its actinic value.

**A light ten feet from the subject will give only a quarter of the illumination of a similar light at five feet. Thus we may make a table for any constant light source.**

Distance from subject to light.	Relative exposure.
4 feet	4 secs.
6 feet	9 secs.
8 feet	16 secs.
10 feet	25 secs.
12 feet	36 secs.

It will be seen that doubling the light, subject distance, requires four times increase in exposure.

Secondly, the type of subject has great bearing on the exposure necessary. We can make another table which employs the unit of one second for an average view and gives exposures for everyday scenes relative to this.

Cloud effects	(1/16)
Seascapes, snowscapes, Distant landscapes.	(1/8)
Landscapes which include foreground	(1/4)
Average views, light buildings, groups	(1)
Portraits	(2)
Shady street scenes	(2)
Interiors	(3 or more)
Woodland scenes, etc.	(3 or more)

Scheiner	H and D	Ilford (Selo)	Description of film or plate.
32 to 35	3,200 to 6,500	F or G	Very fast, usually super panchromatic.
28 to 31	1,100 to 2,500	E	Fast chrome or fine grain panchromatic.
22 to 27	300 to 1,000	B, C, or D	Slow pan. or general purpose ortho.

Next we must consider the effectiveness of the lens in passing light to the sensitive emulsion of the plate or film.

**The "f" number of a lens, which measures the amount of light which it passes, varies with the diameter of the iris diaphragm. As the "f" number decreases, the amount of light passed through the lens increases. Thus a lens of f/4 would pass more light than a lens of aperture f/8.**

For convenience several series of "f" numbers have been chosen whereby one step up the scale or "one stop up," as it is usually termed, corresponds with a doubling of exposure. The most popular series is: f/2; f/2.8; f/4; f/5.6; f/8; f/11; f/16; and f/22.

If the exposure at maximum aperture f/4 is one second, the same subject will require 2 secs. if the lens is stopped down to f/5.6 or 4 secs. at f/8.

The other method of limiting light from the film is by means of a shutter. Unlike the iris diaphragm it does not affect the intensity of the light, but does control the amount of time for which the light is allowed to shine on the film. It will be seen that any number of combinations of the two variable factors may be used to bring about the same negative density.

**Now which should we use for limiting exposure: a smaller aperture or a faster shutter speed?**

In action photographs we will have to use a fast shutter speed and make up for this by using a wide aperture—say 1/500th sec. at f/4.

Alternatively we may be taking a still life scene and require great depth of focus. In this case 1/32nd sec. at f/16 will give the desired result and exactly the same negative density as before.

In very dull lighting conditions it may be necessary to use full aperture in addition to a slow shutter speed, whilst cloud scenes usually require a small aperture and fast exposure time.

The nature, intensity and duration of the light in the camera being settled, there remains the fifth factor, and that is the effect which such light registers on the emulsion; in other words the speed of the plate or film.

The various systems for measuring plate and film speeds are as complicated as international weights and measures.

**Not only are there several universally accepted systems and many ambitious series issued by manufacturers, but to make things really difficult, many of these speed factors measure different characteristics of the film.**

For this reason no exact comparison can be made between the various speed numbers, though a rough guide, such as the one given in this column, is permissible if used with restriction.

If you use an exposure meter you will have to decide which group of film you are using before loading your camera.

Remember that an increase of three in the Scheiner number corresponds to doubling the speed of the film, whilst the H and D numbers are actually in proportion to the exposure required.

## Private Gate

**I COULDN'T understand why the little "Private" notice was stuck on the field gate.**

All the morning I had been walking over wild and lovely country, following a track the pilgrims had once beaten with their sandalled feet, and had not passed a soul. And now, out on these high uplands, where a man felt as free as the racing clouds and where no sign of human habitation could be seen, was this disturbing notice. What could be the meaning of it? Who had thought it necessary to parcel off a piece of that downland for his own exclusive use? What dark thoughts were in a man's heart to make him yearn for his own private and personal piece of solitude in the midst of the wider solitude?

I got over the gate. The enclosure, I guessed, was roughly about seven acres in extent. It was bounded on one side by an old stone wall, and on the other three by wire fencing.

As I advanced across the forbidden ground, I began to notice things. Heather grew there, though none grew immediately outside the boundaries. Long ago an effort had obviously been made to screen the wire fencing with a double row of spruce firs, the familiar Christmas tree of the coster's barrow, but they had not flourished, and now half were either dead or dying. Clumps of shining green foliage revealed that daffodil bulbs had been thickly sown beneath the short, coarse turf, and, in fact, withered blooms still drooped in some of the more isolated clumps. A path wound up from the gate I had climbed to the far end of the enclosure, where there was a group of tall pines. I followed it with a growing sense of expectancy. It passed through the fir trees and I came to a clearing, at the centre of which stood a wooden chalet-like structure. I knew at once that it was unoccupied, that no one had visited it for years. I walked up the rotten and broken steps to the verandah, and, press-



ing my face to a large window, peered inside.

At first I could make out nothing. Then as my eyes got used to the gloom I saw the room was full of toys. A great rocking-horse stood immediately under the window. A toy train set was laid out in the middle of the floor. Dolls' prams and cots were everywhere. I tried another window. This time it was a narrow slip-room, full, as far as the light allowed me to see, with children's garden tools. I looked into other windows. It was the same story everywhere. Rooms furnished with gaily painted children's furniture, with dolls' houses, with forts and regiments of lead soldiers. The whole house was a children's paradise.

There was nothing more to be seen. I came away, but I could not forget it.

Later that morning I

reached a village and turned into the pub. The landlord brought my pint, and, as I was his only customer, I had no difficulty in engaging him in conversation. I asked him if he knew who owned the chalet in the field marked "Private." He didn't understand, at first, where I meant, so I said, "You know, the place where somebody planted the daffodils, where they must have had lots of children." He looked at me. "Children?" he said. "There never were any children up there. That place you mean was bought by a doctor from London. Pots of money, he had. He used to visit it occasionally, but always by himself. I never saw him with another living soul. But he's not been seen in these parts for years. I believe he got into trouble with the police. One of those abortion cases, I did hear tell."

MARSON MARTIN.

## The Owl Flies by Day

Says FRED KITCHEN

**THEY** were threshing barley in the old stone barn. This operation disturbed the owl that had its roost under the ridge of the gable-end.

It looked down with a surprised air at the unusual bustle, and conveyed its disapproval at being disturbed—after its spell of night duty—by several vigorous snaps of its beak.



Had Jesse been on the stack, it would have had no further interference, but the two extra hands engaged for threshing

had no Jesse's feelings towards strange birds, and, this being their first "close-up" of a barn-owl, they determined to make the most of it.

Its ledge could just be reached with the point of a long fork, which one of the men was

a short ladder on to the stack, when the machine stopped for lunch.

The owl drew itself further into the ledge to hide from the intruder, who could see nothing at first owing to the dim light in the barn.

He made several queer noises, under the impression the owl would be interested—but he evidently wasn't, for

all that happened were several snaps (like corks being drawn), followed by a shrill "queek."

The man imitated the sound, and immediately lost his hold on the ladder as that mass of tawny-white feathers came flushing into his face.

The owl would put up with many indignities, but he wasn't to be mocked, and the man rose to his feet, showing a face nicely scored with scratch marks.

The man got what he deserved, but the disturbed owl's further plight called for sympathy.

It floated ghostlike amongst the rafters in the barn, until thoroughly scared by the steam from the engine and the gaze of the threshing men. It risked facing the light of day and flew across the stackyard.

It was in trouble at once, for every sparrow around the building joined in the attack, knowing full well their nightly enemy was almost blinded by daylight.

Up and down the stackyard he floated, with slowly beating wings which gave no sound, while in contrast the host of small birds fluttered rapidly with a noise like a rising wind, and soon were on his tail, ready to pay off old scores.

More by chance than anything, he at last found refuge in the walnut tree, and his tor-

## SANG 50 SONGS FOR A MONKEY

"I'll bet you..."

How many times have you heard someone open an argument with this statement? It is a fact that people, in the course of an argument, will offer fantastic bets.

Take, for example, the feat of Jack Sullivan, the veteran music hall artiste, who recently, on his 75th birthday, won a "monkey" by singing in one evening a verse and chorus of fifty old-time songs. Fred White, chairman of the Sussex Motor Yacht Club, Brighton, made the wager, and both agreed that the stake should go to a Naval charity.

A rota of chairmen, including the Marquess of Queensberry, was gonged in and out. For the opportunity of presiding they had to place a Treasury note in the club's two-handed Vanderbilt Cup.

At the end of the evening Jack Sullivan was a little breathless, and quite tired—but he won his wager!

Some bets are ridiculous no matter how you look at them. Take, for example, King Edward VII. He enjoyed nothing better than a novel bet, and on one occasion, so confident was he that one of his finest horses was going to win a race that he bet a well-known book-maker, Harry Steel, £1,000 to a carrot that the animal would win.

**It lost—and the King paid up the £1,000 with a smile!**

Another crazy wager was made between two Americans, Mr. I. D. Stoller and his friend, R. E. Collins. They were walking along the main street in Baton Rouge a few years ago when the subject of the new State Capital was being discussed. Stoller felt certain that the Capital would last five hundred years.

"I'll bet you that it doesn't," said Collins, and immediately the wager was drawn up.

In their bank the two men placed five dollars £(1) and left it to accumulate at compound interest until 2438. By the end of five hundred years that pound will have swollen to £416,899,210!

Often the excitement of risking their lives will cause some sportsmen to take very great risks. Ben Lee, a North Country steeplejack, was involved in an incident such as this.

In the course of conversation with several of his friends he asserted that the tallest chimney in the district held no dangers for him.

"Why," he said, "I could cycle round the rim of the chimney without even worrying."

The others laughed, so Lee, risking his life in return for five shillings, climbed to the top of the chimney, and, after balancing himself on its rim while astride an ordinary push-bike, cycled round, much to the delight of crowds who watched.

Another man tried hard to win a fortune of £50,000 by walking round the world, marrying a pretty girl, and sending a letter from every town he visited.

He did remarkably well, but after a time found living a happy life with his newly won wife was worth more than the £50,000!

When Carpentier fought Dempsey, an ardent fan of the Frenchman, who lived in Scarborough, had to pay a strange wager when Carpentier was beaten.

**He was forced to play billiards in the road, using a hazel nut as a ball and a tooth-pick as a cue!**

JOHN KING.

mentors returned to their work—the men to threshing and the sparrows to picking up scattered grains of barley from the process.

All day the owl remained hidden in the tree, afraid to venture that fifty yards or so to his favourite ledge.

But when darkness came, and the stackyard was deserted, his ear-piercing screech seemed louder than ever, as he floated around, seeking vengeance on the disturbers of his solitude.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

IN my last article I mentioned that the Royal Naval Philatelic Society had held its second annual exhibition at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, and that His Majesty King George VI had sent some Pitcairn Islands stamps for show. These were the first set issued, and the original designs, proofs and dies were included.

The hon. secretary of the Society, S.B.P.O. William Shanks, tells me that it was formed in November, 1942, with two objects: To provide facilities for the study of stamps by philatelists in the Navy through the medium of their own philatelic body, and to form groups in H.M. Ships and Establishments with a group secretary, as part of the ship recreational activities.

The President is Surgeon Rear Admiral W. Bradbury, and the Vice-President Surgeon Rear Admiral C. P. G. Wakeley. There is a membership of seventy.



Since its inauguration the Society has met every three months, and on each occasion Mr. E. D. Roberts, a member of the Royal Philatelic Society of London, has given a talk on some stamp subject.

The Librarian, Warrant Wardmaster A. Spencer, gets hold of catalogues and various stamp literature, which can be borrowed by the members.

I am particularly pleased to learn that the Society has an exchange system for its members, as there is no doubt that this is the most practical benefit to be had from any philatelic society.

Sir John Wilson, Keeper of the King's Stamps, attended the recent exhibition, and made a good point when he drew attention to the curative power of philately when given to wounded and sick Service men as occupational therapy.

If any collectors in the Submarine Service would care to join the Society, I am sure the Secretary would be delighted to hear from them.

This week I am reproducing the United States stamp issued to commemorate fifty years of motion pictures. The stamp is coloured violet, and the design, as I said before, is not particularly good. Mr. L. W. Staehle, of New York, designed the cachet for first-day covers. Readers of this column will remember that I reproduced a previous cachet of Mr. L. W. Staehle, used for the Austrian stamp in the Flag series for overrun countries. He is the king of designers in America.



### FROM OUR POST BAG

"I've only one complaint to make about 'Good Morning'—and that for an odd reason. You see, we've got a very excitable bloke in our mess. We have found it is safe to allow him to look at the 'pin-ups' while two strong fellows hold him down. But if he should get so much as a glance at 'Stamp Market News' it's too much for the poor chap. It just goes to his head like strong drink. Could you, therefore, tone down the style of this article in future?"

"I AM enclosing a packet of postcards picked up in Port Said. I thought these might be of interest to the vice Chairman, who, I understand, chooses the pictures you put on the back page."



Good  
Morning



## "THEY'RE ALL LOVELY"



"Fritters—they're lovely." Mr. Roman has got what the customers want down the Lane. "They're all hot, they're pure, they're nice—they're nice." They're certainly the best value that a penny can buy in Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning.



"Look in his eyes, guv'nor. There's a pal for you." No doubt about it, they know an awful lot about human nature down Club Row. And if sometimes you are sold a pup, remember, there are many more occasions when you pick up a dog that becomes a faithful friend till the end of its day.

WHEN the Londoner says he is going down the Lane, the visitor conjures up thoughts of a picturesque avenue of chestnut and beech trees, with chirping birds and rustling leaves.

But the Lane, Petticoat Lane, or Middlesex Street, as only the street directories call this capital showpiece, has no trees, though it is none the less picturesque. There are no chirping birds, but there is a perpetual buzz of voices, punctuated with the cries of the vendors. And the rustling of leaves is not to be heard, though the exchange of notes is easily discernible.

A good thing about Petticoat Lane, I am told, is that the visitor is usually given an opportunity of buying back at the far end the watch or wallet he had lifted from his pocket when he entered.

And if a dog disappears from suburbia there is always a fair chance of buying it back in Club Row, an off-turning from the Lane.

Lord's Day Observance Society snoopers have made unceasing efforts to curtail the activities of the famous market, and the police, who know every stall and every vendor and a great number of regular frequenters, make "routine" raids for stolen property and deserters.

But the Lane has been there for many years—they even changed the name and prohibited the sale of certain rubber goods. Authority has condemned the wares of

several traders, and they have locked up many of the pickpockets and other thriving business men, but still this narrow stretch of cobbles that reaches from Aldgate to Bishopsgate remains as ever, the briskest sales patch in the Empire's capital.

Listen to the Corn King: "I not only guarantee to cure corns, I will, for the price of seven bronze pennies, cure all and every ailment your plates of meat 'ave ever or will ever suffer. . . ."

Then there is the sarsaparilla merchant, who has been distributing his "health-giving fluid for only fourpence a large glass" for a score or more years. And the tall, dark Sydney Strong, who has kept his vast audience hypnotised as he streams on. "If you buy these cut glass servers, I say God forbid the war goes on for another six months—in six months' time they'll be worth twice as much."

And there are others—quack medicos, fake and genuine jewellers, several groups of ex-Servicemen playing brass and silver instruments out of harmony, and sellers of whelks and "lovely eels."

Some of the sellers are honest, some of their wares are worthless, but it doesn't matter, because the locals know what not to buy, and the visitor gets his money's worth in rubbernecking, down the Lane.

RON. RICHARDS.

There's not much wrong with a man's heart when he will dip down into his beer money to buy a doll for a child. If you doubt it, take a look at the man in the flat tifter.



"And when you gits tired of walking on your feet, why, you jist slips my shoes on your 'ands and carries on jist the same." The ritzy shoe shop of Regent Street never thought of this line of sales patter. Which is a pity!

It's cash and carry at the toy stall in the Lane. No time for bargaining, no time for dithering, you just pays your money and takes your choice.

